

Beat the Devil by alien_lord

Series: [Stranger Things Collection \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

Billy tries to go out for a date and his father stops him, infuriated that he doesn't know where Maxine is. His father is abusive, and threatens him. Billy remembers traumatic memories of assault from his childhood, and is terrified his father, who's obsessed with protecting Max from male attention will also abuse her.

(This fic is pretty messed up, and Neil (Billy's father) is a scary assaulter. Has several past molestation mentions so please don't read if that's a trigger).

Beat the Devil

Ever since his dad had remarried, Billy had gotten beaten more. He'd always had beatings, ever since his mom died, but now, his beatings were worse. He was specifically bitter about Maxine, who went by Max, his step sister, who was a large reason for his beatings.

On this specific day, Billy was preparing to go out for a date. He'd cleaned up as best as he could, and was ready to head out to a night of pussy. His father stopped him leaving the house. "Where's Maxine?" He asked, and Billy turned with a shrug. "Not sure. I think she's out with some of her loser friends." He placed his hand on the knob to turn it.

His father, Neil's, voice turned dark, "What do you mean, you think, she's out with her friends?" He closed the space between him and Billy, yanking the younger man by the collar of his jean coat. "You don't know where she is?" Billy tried to turn, and his father slammed him up against the wall. Billy cringed a little when his back smacked into the wall, and he scowled at his father.

"How many times do I gotta' tell you, Billy? You need to look after her-" spit flew from between Neil's clenched teeth and landed on Billy's face. Billy closed his eyes and breathed through his nose, trying to keep his cool.

"She's thirteen, she doesn't need a babysitter-" Billy snapped, struggling to get out of Neil's grasp.

His father's nostrils flared, and he grabbed his son by the throat, shoving him back into the wall. Billy grabbed at his father's hands, eyes widening.

"Don't tell me what your sister does and doesn't need-" his mouth was dangerously close to his son's ear as he snarled, "Your sister, she's a pretty thing, ain't she?" He asked, breathing hard against Billy's ear. Billy closed his eyes and turned his head away, trying to breathe. "She's so pretty the boys are going to start noticing her soon-" Billy made an angry noise of protest, but his father squeezed his neck.

"You're her brother. The boys in town here aren't good enough for

our Maxine.” He squeezed Billy’s neck for good measure before saying, “It’s up to you to keep her pure.” He let go of his son’s neck, and Billy fell to the floor, gasping, rubbing at his neck, a raised hand print visible on the

surface of his skin. He knew better than trying to fight his dad, he’d tried and lost before. Someday he’d take the old man, and teach him a lesson.

“She’s not my sister-“ he gasped, trying to sit up on his knees, still short of breath. He couldn’t help being snippy with words though. It was less than a second later his father spun around, and kicked him in the side, boot knocking what little wind Billy had managed to get in his lungs.

Kneeling down, Billy’s father grabbed the front of his jacket. “What did we talk about?” His knuckles turned white under the force of him grabbing Billy’s jacket. Billy swallowed the lump in his throat. “She’s my sister, I’m responsible for her-“ Billy nearly choked on the words, but he didn’t want to displease his father any more. He was lucky he hadn’t got a punch in the face.

His father shoved him back into the floor, before letting go of his jacket. “I make you say that she’s your sister so I don’t have to worry about you trying to get in her pants too-“.

Billy flushed, blood rising into the top of his cheeks. “That’s sick, I’d never do that-“ He’d never think of Max in any way other than the annoying little pest he was forced to watch.

His father sneered at his son, sprawled out on the floor, blood flushing his face. “Oh, really? What, she’s not good enough for you?” Billy’s skin crawled as his father spoke to him, and it reminded him of when his father used to get really drunk, after his mother died, and come into his room at night-. Billy shook his head, shaking the memories out of the forefront of his mind. He didn’t want to think back to those times.

“You leave her alone-“ he snarled, scrambling to his feet, infuriated by how his father was talking about Max. She might be a little bitch, but he didn’t want anything like that to happen to her.

“Oh, big man-“ Neil laughed, lip curling up to expose his teeth. As muscular as Billy was, he couldn’t compare to his father’s frame. His father was broad, and tall, and still hadn’t lost the muscular physique

of his youth, with two steps his father closed the space between them.

Billy snarled at his old man, "Don't touch her-" his fists clenched in front of him. His dad laughed, "Oh, I wouldn't want to cut into your girls, Billy." Billy flushed again, and swung at his father. Neil laughed, grabbing his arm and yanking it behind him. Shoving Billy down on the floor, he pulled his son's arm, causing him to grunt in pain.

"I'd never touch her, Billy-" Neil hissed at him, pressing his knee into Billy's back, "You know that's only for you-" and Billy's heart palpitated inside of his chest so hard he thought it was going to explode. His father shifted his grasp on the back of his arm, and Billy yanked himself free, dashing for the door. Yanking open the door he slammed it behind him, and ran down the steps to his car.

His father yanked the door of the house open and shouted outside, "You better come home with Maxine, or don't come home at all!"

Billy spun the wheels of the car out in the driveway as he sped away, his mind filled with memories that he didn't want to remember.